

A SENTENCE OF DEATH.

Tragic Ending of a Murder Trial in a Western Court.
"One of the most tragic scenes I ever witnessed," said an aged lawyer, "occurred in a small town in one of the western states. The judge was a man of sixty or more, and in addition to a most venerable and dignified appearance and manner he was the saddest faced man I ever saw. He had come to our town ten or a dozen years before from the east, and we knew little of him except that he was an able lawyer and jurist and that his wife, who was the only other member of his family, and himself had some great sorrow."

"One night our town was torn up by a robbery and murder and the capture of the killer and thief almost in the act. For a wonder he wasn't lynched then and there, but he wasn't, and as soon as daylight came proceedings were instituted against the prisoner, and I was appointed, with another youngster, to defend him.

"Really there wasn't any defense, and I was frank enough to tell him that he might be thankful if we could save him from a lynching. He was a stranger in the town, evidently led there by some stories he had heard of an old miser we had among us, and was a man of perhaps thirty-three or thirty-four, with a most unprepossessing appearance, greatly accentuated by a week's growth of rough whiskers, years of dissipation and hard living. In those days and in such cases the law's delay was not much in force, and by 6 o'clock of the second day the prisoner was standing before the judge to receive sentence. As he stood there that day a harder looking customer I think I never saw.

"Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you?" said the judge after all the preliminaries were over.

"I have, your honor, if you are to pronounce that sentence," replied the prisoner with an air of almost impertinence. "At least, be added half apologetically, 'possibly under the circumstances you might not care to pronounce it.'

"This was entirely out of the ordinary, and I touched my client on the arm and was about to remind him of the customs of the court when the judge requested me to leave the prisoner to him.

"Will you be kind enough to explain?" he said in a strangely excited tone.

"Well, your honor," responded the prisoner without a quaver of voice, "I'm your only son."

"But the judge heard no more. It was evident that he knew the prisoner was telling the truth, for, with a groan he threw up his hands and fell forward across the desk in front of him, dead, a little stream of blood trickling from his lips. The excitement was terrific, and in the midst of it the prisoner dashed through a window and would have escaped, but a timely shot from a rifle in the hands of a man on the outside settled him forever. And, best of all, his mother never knew. She lingered a few months after her husband's death, and the entire population of the town considered it to be a sacred obligation to lie to her about the whole affair."

Step Lively!

Every one is familiar with the impudent conductor who insists with his "Step lively, please!" that you shall hurry as you get into the car. Most people resent this peremptory order and feel a bit ruffled as the car starts forward with the customary jerk, and they either fall affably into a seat or clutch with frantic haste the first convenient strap.

A friend of mine coming from a quiet inland city to a bustling seaport town heard the "Step lively!" of the car conductor with some surprise. Fortunately for herself she took her seat without losing her balance; then, lifting her benignant face, framed in the soft dove-colored Quaker bonnet, she gazed at the bronzed young man who came to take her fare. "What is thy name?" she said.

Rather surprised in his turn, he merely replied, giving Christian and surname.

"Friend William Blank," the passenger observed, still looking steadfastly at him. "They would not have said 'Step lively!' to me had thee known that I was ninety years old."

The conductor touched his cap, begged her pardon, and when the lady of ninety left the car he assisted her descent with the gallantry of a knight of old—Woman's Home Companion.

Lemaitre Looked Old at Thirty-five. Jules Lemaitre was of middle height, with bent shoulders, head carried forward, hair styled and awkward. The evening dress hung ungracefully, as though its pockets were stuffed with books and papers. No one would have taken him for anything but what he was—a man of study, perhaps a professor. He stumbled over those awl stools or cushions the ouvreuses put under one's feet and murmured, "Pardon, madame, pardon," as he strove to gain his seat. And people whispered, "Lemaitre! Jules Lemaitre!" In those days he was about thirty-five and looked almost fifty. His hair, inclined to curl, early turned gray, then white, leaving him a little bald. This added to the height of his forehead and made the rather insignificant features appear a little lacking in space, as though the face had been of India rubber and pressed too hard. The expression, the glint of the blue eyes, soon forced one to forget his rather unsatisfactory physique. When he spoke he let his words drop with a sort of careless grace, with a little hesitation too. The voice was gentle and rather high pitched. When he lectured that soft voice swelled and carried to the very extremity of a large theater and all hesitation disappeared.—Mine. Charles Bigot in Critic.

"TEMSE" AND "THAMES."

Origin of the Saying about Setting the River on Fire.

Sometimes when a person wants to make an unpleasant remark in a pleasant sort of way about a dull boy he will say, "That boy will never set the river on fire." Now, that is all very true, for even the smartest men in the world could never set a stream of water on fire, and so perhaps many of you who have heard this expression have wondered what is meant by setting the river on fire.

In England many, many years ago, before the millers had machinery for sifting flour, each family was obliged to sift its own flour. For doing this it was necessary to use a sieve, called a tenose, which was so fixed that it could be turned round and round in the top of a barrel. If it was turned too fast the friction would sometimes cause it to catch fire, and as it was only the smart, hardworking boys who could make it go so fast, the people who got into the way of pointing out a lazy boy by saying that he would never set the temse on fire. After awhile these sieves went out of use, but as there were still plenty of stupid boys in the world people kept on saying that they would never set the temse on fire.

Now, the name of the river Thames is pronounced exactly like the word temse, and so after many years those persons who had never seen or heard of the old fashioned sieve thought that "setting the temse on fire" meant setting the river Thames on fire. This expression became very popular and travelled far and wide until the people living near other streams did not see why it was any harder for a slothful boy to set the Thames on fire than any other river, and so the name of the river was dropped, and everybody after that simply said "the river," meaning the river of his particular city or town, and that is how it is that people today talk of setting the river on fire.

ROUSED THE AUDIENCE.

A Mining Camp Melodrama With an Unexpected Climax.

Joseph Jefferson used to say that his career came very near being nipped in the bud in a small western town. He at that time was a member of a small pioneer company which progressed by means of three "bulldozers" from one mining camp to another. They were always heartily received by the miners and cowboys, who readily paid the \$5 in gold required to witness their performance. Mr. Jefferson was the traditional melodramatic villain and in the third act was supposed to kidnap "the child." The supposed mother, hearing its cries, rushes upon the scene just as he is about to escape and fires a fruitless shot from a revolver.

On this particular occasion all had gone well until this scene was reached, and the audience, many of whom had never before seen any kind of theatrical performance, sat as if it spellbound. At the crack of the mother's revolver, however, the spell was rudely broken.

"By heaven, she missed him!" a red shirted miner in the front row shouted, drawing his own six shooter and leaping to his feet. "Round to the back door and head him off, for we can git a boss, boys!" he yelled, and following him, half the audience stampeded for the exit.

The excitement was finally allayed by the "mother" and the villain appearing hand in hand before the curtain and the manager's explanation of the situation. When the performance had been concluded the audience insisted on paying another admission price and having an immediate repetition from beginning to end.—Success Magazine.

Began Again Today.

Emerson said he was an endless experimenter, with no past at his back. This is the secret of finding every day new and delightful. To be bound down by what transpired yesterday, to assume that things must certainly be so because they have always been so, is to limit life to narrow confines. The joy of existence is to tackle every day as a fresh problem. Who knows what it may bring forth? Nothing prevents us from living in an entirely new way, as if yesterday had never been and tomorrow were not. To be hampered by no precedent, cowed by no fear, is to strike out on fresh trials and find new delight daily.—Exchange.

Card Marks.

It is conjectured by some writers on the subject that the marks upon the cards designating the four kinds in a pack were originally symbolic and intended to signify the different classes of society. According to this supposition, the hearts represented the clergy, spades the nobility, some old packs of cards bearing a sword or lance head instead of a spade; clubs the serfs and diamonds the burghers or citizen classes.

Up Early.

"The boss asked me what made me look so tired," said Galley, the clerk, "and I told him I was up early this morning."

"Huh!" snorted the bookkeeper. "You never got up early in your life."

"I didn't say that I got up. I said I was up."

Undergoing Repairs.

Lili (at a soirée, whispering)—What has become of Aunt Lucie's habitual smile? Erna—It is at the dentist's—Tit-Bits.

Don't discuss your maladies. Your guest will forget you and remember only your disease.—Schoolmaster.

Education is an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity.—Aristote.

FACTS ABOUT MEXICO.

There are ten volcanoes in Mexico. Mexico has a coast line of over 6,000 miles. Mexico has vast deposits of onyx and marble. Mexico has fifty-nine lakes and great lagoons. The area of Mexico is about 750,000 square miles.

Cotton factories in Mexico employ over 25,000 people.

The "valley" of Mexico is 7,500 feet above the sea level.

Mexico is about ten times larger than Great Britain.

The traveler in Mexico is seldom out of sight of mountains.

The rainy season generally lasts from May to September.

There are probably 300,000 men employed in the mines of Mexico.

Mexico is the richest mineral country in the world, not excepting Peru. The largest state is Chihuahua, with an area of nearly 90,000 square miles.

Quantities of sulphur are mined in the craters of several extinct volcanoes.—Modern Mexico.

Taught Him How to Die.

It was after seeing Henry Irving act as Becket that a young Japanese studying theology in this country said to a friend who took him: "I thank you very much for making me remain. You know, I may have to suffer some day for holding to what I believe to be the truth, and I have often thought that I would never be able to play my part in the right way. From now on I shall never be troubled with such a thought, for when the time comes I shall remember that Henry Irving has taught me how to die. Yes, I should like to die like Becket." Thus did Becket in the flesh and Tennyson, the dramatist, and Irving, the actor, nerve the potential Christian martyr that may be.

Boston Transcript.

Imaginary.

"Father," said the little boy, "every now and then I hear you talking about somebody who was old enough to know better."

"Yes, my boy."

"What age is that, father?"

And the old gentleman after some thought replied:

"My son, there isn't any such thing. It's like the golden age—purely mythological."

What You Do.

Where you are is of no moment, but only what you are doing there. It is not the place that ennobles you, but you the place, and this is only by doing what which is noble.—Home Notes.

The Most Popular Tree.

Ryer—Ever study forestry, De Voe? De Voe—Yes, I'm working on my family tree now—Brooklyn Life.

New York Announcement.

HORNER'S FURNITURE

Summer Furniture Needs is all the light woods, and in the Old English, Flemish and other styles, together with latest designs in all other fashionable woods, are here in super-abundance and in finest grades—everything marked at convincingly moderate prices.

White Enamelled Bedroom Suites. Brass Bedsteads in exclusive patterns. Enamelled Iron Bedsteads. Dining Room Suites. Select examples of Flemish, Old English, Mission, Weathered and Green Oak Furniture; also full line of Venetian Carved Furniture.

R. J. HORNER & CO.

Furniture Makers and Importers.

West 23d St. || West 24th St. 61-63-65. 36-38-40. Adjoining Eden House, New York City.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Assessors have filed with the Town Clerk their report, map and assessment of the assessments fixed by them for buildings in the matter "the estate of George E. Russell" situated on Jersey Avenue between 3rd and 4th Streets and the chariotization of a four-story stone sidewall on Washington Street; and the same are now open for public inspection to those in interest.

Objections, in writing to add report, map and assessment to be filed with the Town Clerk at which time the Town Council will meet in the Bank Building, Bloomfield, New Jersey, to consider the same.

By order of the Town Council.

W.M. L. JOHNSON, Town Clerk.

BLOOMFIELD, N.J., June 4, 1904.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, the survivor of the late will of testator of Lyman B. Kent, deceased, will be audited and stated by the executors and reported to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the first day of July next.

Dated June 11, 1904. JOHN C. KELLY.

EDWIN R. GOODALE, Proctor.

May 21, 1904.

ESTATE OF ELIZABETH FRICK

E. KELLY, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of George E. Russell,

Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, the subscriber, administrator of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affidavit their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

FREDERICK L. KELLY, Jr.

May 22, 1904.

ESTATE OF JANE LAW.

D.E. KELLY, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of George E. Russell,

Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day

made, the subscriber, administrator of

the estate of Jane Law, deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affidavit their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

JULY 1, 1904.

EDWARD MAXWELL.

Office: 15 Clinton Street,

Bloomfield, N.J.

GILBERT G. COOPER.

May 23, 1904.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of

the subscriber, the survivor of the late will

of testator of Abram G. Yerance, deceased, will be audited and stated by the

executors and reported to the

Orphans' Court of the County of Essex,

on Tuesday, the first day of July next.

Dated June 7, 1904.

SYLVANUS COOKFAIR,

Proctor.

May 24, 1904.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of

the subscriber, the survivor of the late will

of testator of George W. Sargent, deceased,

will be audited and stated by the

executors and reported to the

Orphans' Court of the County of Essex,

on Tuesday, the first day of May next.

Dated April 4, 1904.

EDWARD MAXWELL.

Office: 15 Clinton Street,

Bloomfield,